

## **Stranger Things Ramblings by eternaleggo**

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**Summary:** Just a collection of one-shots from my Stranger Things-obsessed mind. They'll probably mostly be Mileven.

## 1. Chapter 1

December 31st, 1988.

It's been five years since the Demogorgon attacked, and life has never been better.

Eleven enrolls in school after she's caught up to the boys' level of education, thanks to Mr. Clarke. After a few weeks, she's accepted into the school's atmosphere, and her teachers love her – she's excited to learn, and always does her homework.

It's four months into the school year when she and the boys receive their first party invitations. A New Years' Party. At seventeen years old, the group had only held their own small parties, for their friends and families. It was never anything big, and alcohol was brought by adults for adults only. But this party they know will be different. It's hard to convince their families that they'll be fine at the party, but they go, and the night begins as soon as they walk through the door.

At first, they sit on the couch awkwardly, not quite knowing what to do. But, one by one, they involve themselves. Lucas meets some cute girls he's never talked to before, and spends the night with them. Will and Dustin battle each other in the living room, dancing to their hearts' content. As for Mike and Eleven, they listen to the music and hold hands. After five years of holding hands and the occasional kiss, they still haven't made it official.

Soon, Mike finds himself getting drinks for he and Eleven, if only just to fill the awkwardness. Eleven is excited to try the drink, always excited for new experiences, while Mike decides to merely hold the cup and pretend to drink from it so he wouldn't seem too out of place. Eleven takes her first sip of alcohol, and though the taste isn't magnificent, she likes the burn at the back of her throat. So, after a while, she finishes the cup.

Eleven is three drinks in when the countdown begins. She's hanging onto Mike's shoulder, giddy but quiet. Mike is amused, but doesn't say anything but the decreasing numbers everyone else is shouting.

"...3, 2, 1 – HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Suddenly, everyone is kissing, even Lucas with some girl. Will even kisses Dustin, much to Dustin's surprise. Once Eleven sees this, she practically tackles Mike down to the couch and kisses him hard. Mike is surprised, but he goes with it, and eventually wraps his arms around her. Eleven leads the kiss into something more passionate (though Mike always thought he'd be the one to make that move), and the pair find themselves in a room upstairs. Mike desperately hopes it's not the parents' room.

One thing leads to another, and right before Eleven peels off Mike's shirt, she's whispering in his ear.

"I love you. I love you. I love you."

Mike just smiles and says "I love you too."

Mike decides he doesn't want to have his first time with Eleven being tipsy, so he stops them, and instead they cuddle for the rest of the night, and they whisper sweet nothings until dawn.

## 2. Chapter 2

(TW: Depression, self harm)

April 7th, 1985.

Eleven is fourteen when Mike finds her in the bathroom, blade in hand. At first, he snatches away the blade and yells at her ("What is wrong with you?!"), and nearly cries when he sees the scars and bloody marks on her arms. Eleven, wide-eyed, just runs away.

She finds herself leaning against a tree in the forest, trying to catch her breath. She rubbed at her eyes fiercely, trying to calm down and gather her thoughts. Figure out what to do now.

It'd started when she saw a girl at school do it in the bathroom. Eleven, oblivious, had asked her why, and the girl (though terrified) said it made her feel better. Eleven had been feeling very sad, mad, scared, nervous – a mixture of things, but mostly empty. She'd been that way since before she met the boys, back when she was in that dark room, holding her lion to her chest and trying to make her cries as quiet as she could. So, when she got home that day, she tried it. And it hurt, but she realized that for a moment, her mind was off of the things that haunted her. And ever since then, she did it constantly.

She leaned her head back and stared up at the sky, gulping and hiccupping. At least she'd stopped crying. She managed to go back to the house after some hesitation, and Mike was waiting for her in the basement. He seemed much calmer now, and that made Eleven feel much better – until she saw Jonathan Byers beside him, looking uncomfortable but determined.

Eleven slowly approached the boys.

"Eleven," Mike stood. "I told Jonathan-" Eleven interrupted him, eyes wide. "Mike!"

"I know, El, but listen, he can help."

"I'm fine."

"Friends don't lie."

That stopped Eleven's arguments, and she elected to sit beside Jonathan, looking at the floor. Jonathan took a deep breath before speaking. "When I was younger and started getting bullied, I did the same thing. But you've gotta understand that it does nothing. It just temporarily takes your mind off things, and then you go back to feeling the way you do. It leaves scars that'll haunt you. It brings unnecessary pain. You don't deserve to go through that. Why're you doing this?"

Eleven blinked and mumbled, "I feel bad."

After lots of talking and crying, Eleven agreed to tell Joyce (with Mike and Jonathan at her side), and Joyce gathered the money to get her proper counseling. It wasn't easy, but Eleven stopped self harming (with minimal relapses), and though she was uneasy about the idea, her psychiatrist prescribed her a medication that she promised would help.

And it did, as did Eleven's new family.

Eleven got better. And, if she ever needed to tell someone, she'd tell them that they could, too.